

The Evening World

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JAMES PULITZER, President, 51 Park Row.
ARTHUR C. BROWN, Treasurer, 51 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 51 Park Row.
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STILL TIME.

REGISTRATION figures picked up a traffic yesterday, but there is reason to fear this year's total will be unwarrantably low. Without the preliminary noise of a city election it seems to be hard to persuade New York's citizens that they have a duty to perform at the polls.

Yet there rests upon them this fall no less a responsibility than that of saving the State from a proposed Constitution which is in no true sense representative of the popular will or framed to meet popular needs.

More than Woman Suffrage or the choice of District Attorney for New York County—both to be voted on next month—proposed changes in the organic law of the State challenge the thoughtful consideration of every citizen.

Largely the work of corporation lawyers, approved by special interests, this document, from the point of view of the people of this city, shows its character in no way better than by its attempt to saddle upon them for twenty years the \$3,000,000-a-year Public Service Commission which has proved itself notoriously the friend and protector of corporations.

Whether easing pressure on the Interborough and other traction companies, neglecting the safety of subway construction in Manhattan, or holding up the 80-cent gas rate to which citizens of South Brooklyn have long been entitled, this Commission is repeatedly found blocking the way to the realization of public demands.

The Public Service Commission of this district fails utterly to do the work it was created to do. Every eligible citizen in New York should vote against any law that aims to perpetuate it in its present form.

The chance comes Nov. 2. To vote, one must register. To-day is the last registration day. The books will be open until 10:30 P. M. If you haven't registered, do it this evening and think the better of yourself.

A couple of generations ago, De Tocqueville, as wise a Frenchman and as open-eyed a traveler as ever visited these shores, wrote:

"To take part in the government of the country and to talk about it is the most important business and, as it were, the only pleasure that an American knows."

We numbered only about 13,000,000 in De Tocqueville's day. Has the American he describes held his own to date?

WAR ORDERS.

RESIDENT WESTINGHOUSE of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company hands his stockholders some cold facts about war orders. His company holds contracts for shrapnel and cartridge cases aggregating nearly \$15,000,000. But, he points out in his annual report,

While the times are favorable, with ample guarantees against contingencies, these orders have necessitated a heavy expenditure for special machinery and for its installation in temporary though substantial buildings, to the end that the maximum output of the company's regular product might not be affected in case of a sudden revival of the railway supply business.

It is expected that when the value of this special machinery and the buildings not available for future use shall have been charged off, the net result will represent a substantial but not unusual manufacturing profit on the amount involved.

Wall Street has little car just now for this sort of talk. Persons who disapprove of permanent values waste their breath. War orders mean for Wall Street excited rumors, crack-brained calculations, fabulous guesses that send prices kiting and keep the orgy of buying and selling at its height. What does a man care about the dividend-paying value of a stock that he keeps only a few days or hours on his broker's books until he makes or loses?

Values! Most of the present acceleration on the Stock Exchange has about as much to do with real values as an extra twist imparted by a croupier's hand to a roulette wheel.

Today is Fire Prevention Day. In this city, where carelessness burns up millions of dollars, Fire Prevention Day ought to fall on three hundred and sixty-five dates each year.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Prosperity does not depend half as much on politics as on bustle.—Florida Times-Union.

Embarking on the sea of matrimony is often easier if one has a raft of money.

Flirtation is one game in which both players frequently lose.—Albany Journal.

The leading light of a woman's sewing circle is the plus ultra of conversational ability.

Recent court records show that a

letter to a woman that is a jewel of literary effort is a still a jewel of road in public.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Small town over in Jersey has a brace of clubs and a first-class fire whistle, and yet some people talk about the quiet country.

You can never tell how big a factory is by the size of its whistle.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The newest thing in the fashion line from Paris is the "surprise gown." It'll have to go some to surprise us.—Macon Telegraph.

Letters From the People

Holiday Shopping.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
The benefits to be derived from an occasional holiday can hardly be overestimated, and it is a pity that holidays are not more universally observed. The fact that they are not is due almost entirely to the thoughtless practice of deferring our shopping until those occasions. Every sale made on a holiday tends to prevent the stores from closing on future ones. May I, therefore, ask your readers to be patriotic and considerate enough to try to make all purchases at times other than Columbus Day, Tuesday, Oct. 12? Let the holidays be for all.
CONSIDERATE SHOPPER.
Artillery vs. Cavalry.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I notice a letter from "Martin" regarding the New York National Guard. As a member of Battery A, Second Field Artillery, N. G. N. Y., I

will gladly enlighten him upon the subject. Mr. Martin asks whether it is better to join the artillery or the cavalry division. Personally for instructive reasons as well as for the enjoyment afforded, I consider the artillery superior. The present war in Europe has demonstrated beyond a doubt that artillery is the backbone of an army and is of infinitely greater importance than any other branch of the service. It is, in addition, the only branch in which horsemanship and gunnery are combined. So much for artillery in general. Now men are taught, free of charge and under the very best tutors, to become expert riders; in fact, every man graduating from the riding academy must be able to ride bareback perfectly. Only after he is able to do this is a saddle used. Dues are usually about \$3 per month, everything included. In the cavalry the dues are, I believe, \$4 a month, and it also costs \$1 extra every time a horse is taken out. N. H.

Men Who Fail

By J. H. Cassel



"I've got a dinner engagement. I'll attend to this bit of work the first thing in the morning."

The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

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"WELL," remarked the head polisher, "this excessive taxation doesn't bother me. I have no real estate and no personal property and can afford to give the tax board the laugh."

"Your position," said the laundry man, "is quite generally entertained by the poor boobies who pay the taxes and don't know it. When you come down to cases, it is people like you who own no real estate and only enough personal property in the way of furniture to keep house on that pay the bulk of the taxes in this town."

"The expenses of our city government," the head polisher said, "are the most excessive about taxation come, naturally, from real estate owners. Where do the real estate owners get the money with which they liquidate their tax bills? From the people who pay rent. You will notice, spotted all over the city, one and two-story business buildings on extensive properties owned by the Astors and other large real estate holders. These buildings are called real estate business 'taxpayers' and the term defines itself."

"The Astors have a plot of ground on upper Broadway. It is laying idle, but is taxed. The surrounding territory builds up and the land becomes more and more valuable. At last its value as an asset is so high that the Astors, not ready for a permanent improvement, can no longer afford to pay taxes on it with rents procured from improved properties. So they fringe one or two sides of the plot with a little 'taxpayer'."

"The stores are rented out for enough to pay interest on the improvement and taxes on the whole property. Now, if a block front of little one-story stores yields revenue enough to pay taxes on a square block in the heart of the city, you can figure on what the tax revenue must be when the block is built up with a solid skyscraper, rented from the cellar to the roof."

"The real estate people say the taxes are so high they have had to boost the rents to such an altitude that they can't lease their apartments. I notice that they keep right on building them. Furthermore, I notice that the Standard Oil Company has a new branch of gasoline in 21-cent a gallon. Here is another instance of how the taxation question works out. The Standard Oil monopoly has recently launched an extensive advertising campaign. The consumer pays for it in the shape of a big per cent. increase in the price of gasoline."

Thirsty Guardsmen.

"WHAT do you think," asked the head polisher, "of Gen. O'Rourke's suggestion that the National Guard be careful about drinking?"

"Highly commendable," said the

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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THE Jarrs were going away on a belated vacation and Mrs. Jarr had everything packed but her own things, and she had invited the Rangies over to spend the last evening on the departure for autumnal rustication on Uncle Henry's farm.

Mrs. Jarr had invited the Rangies over that she might cause pangs of envy in the breast of her dearest friend by showing her some new dresses she had recently gotten.

The Rangies arrived in due time, and Mr. Rangle and Mr. Jarr went into the front room to discuss politics, the war, the subway disaster, the lack of public interest in the coming world's championship baseball games, and other topics that occupy the male mind.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Jarr and Mrs. Rangle had resorted to the boudoir of the former to look over Mrs. Jarr's wardrobe.

Secret: Mrs. Jarr had several new dresses and two new hats. They were displayed on the bed in her boudoir. She explained to Mrs. Rangle that she was not packing her dresses till the last minute, so they might not be crushed. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Jarr was not going to take these costumes with her to Uncle Henry's farm.

"Even in a wardrobe trunk fine taffeta gets crushed. Of course, in the fashionable resorts in the mountains you know, the best people come in October, when the summer rable is gone—the maids will press your dresses till they are as fresh as from the shop—but still I always wait till the last moment to pack a velvet or taffeta dress, even in a wardrobe trunk."

The wardrobe trunk stood on end in the center of the room. It was packed up to its compartments, but its hangers hung free and dressless. This wardrobe trunk, long desired by Mrs. Jarr, was another arrow in the breast of her visitor.

"I saw there was a sale of wardrobe trunks at the big Bargain Bazaar," said Mrs. Rangle, acidly. "But we have a friend who is a millionaire trunk manufacturer, and he says that since the war some of the trunk manufacturers are making wardrobe trunks out of pasteboard, and he advised me not to get one. I felt they couldn't be any good when they were sold so cheaply."

"But this is a genuine imported, 'Kantkrash' trunk," said Mrs. Jarr. "It isn't one of those cheap imitations you were looking at, my dear. The salesman told me that since the 'Kantkrash' wardrobe trunk was put on the market, over a thousand train baggage men have gone insane. They simply can't break it, no matter how they try. Why, even at New Rochelle, where for years they have been throwing trunks from great heights out of the cars to the stone flagging of the depot, the New Haven Road has forbidden the men to throw out a 'Kantkrash' trunk because it doesn't hurt the trunk but destroys the concrete flagging."

"But the trainmen will insist on putting wardrobe trunks wrong side up," said Mrs. Rangle, "and that simply ruins the things in them."

"Not a 'Kantkrash,'" said Mrs. Jarr. "It will stand only on one end, and if the trainmen endeavor to stand it on the wrong end, it falls over on them and breaks their legs. That's what drives the baggage men insane, the salesman told me."

"Do you expect to be away long?" asked Mrs. Rangle, changing the sub-

The Woman of It

By Helen Rowland

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THE PASSING OF "THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE."

THE Widow pressed a tiny handkerchief to her eye and faintly suppressed a sob, as the lights flared up and the screen grew dark after the fifth reel of the motion picture version of "Anna."

"Isn't it funny," she remarked, "that a play like that could come here and be shocked and thrilled us?"

"And now," said the Bachelor, rubbing his tired eyes, "it merely puts us to sleep!"

"Stress and suspense and things are so passé!" declared the Widow. "They aren't even apt to affect us on the stage, any more. They are as out-of-date as long earrings and serpentine skirts!"

"Perhaps," agreed the Bachelor, "that's because every girl over fifteen tries to look like a 'wire' on her own account, nowadays."

"Nonsense!" laughed the Widow. "It's because the fashions in manners and morals keep changing just as rapidly as the fashions in hats and motor cars. What was 'wicked' ten years ago is merely 'vulgar' now, and what is 'wicked' now, will be merely 'stupid' ten years hence. 'The eternal triangle' is no longer fascinating; it's just—just—"

"An accepted fact!" suggested the Bachelor meekly.

Concerning Shop-Worn Thrills.

"BAD form," corrected the Widow hesitatingly. "One accepts one's friends' changes in wives or husbands as one accepts their changes in residences, but it is no longer considered a mark of social distinction to be divorced. It's not even de rigueur. Listening to the tales of other folk's matrimonial troubles is almost as boring and tiresome as hearing all about their operations for appendicitis. They're all so exactly alike. And as for 'The Other Woman'—Well! WHO would shed tears over the Camille and Zane and Sophie and Du Barrys in these days of real social problems, and militarism and feminism? They are as stupid and blatant as the villain with the black mustache, and the persecuted heroine, and the paper show storms of the kerene days. Even the 'erring husband' is no longer a romantic figure."

"Not," agreed the Bachelor. "He's usually just a plain fool—or a plain cad, as the case may be."

"And the 'fascinating temptress' is usually fat and forty," giggled the Widow.

"And the 'abused wife' is usually a little eighteen-carat idiot, with an acute case of clostheumia or tangotia!"

"Or else," put in the Widow, "she is a sensible woman, who is more to be envied than pitied for losing THAT kind of a husband. In short, there is no longer any spice or charm or novelty in the SITUATION. 'The eternal triangle' is as out-of-date and sordid and stupid and vulgar as are flowered carpets and toothpick holders and mustache cups and seashell ornaments. Even young girls are bored by the flowery banalities of the married flirt and the 'mis-named husband,' and—and all that sort of thing!"

"Hear, hear!" cried the Bachelor, waving his handkerchief. "Down with the married man! Vive le bachelor! Our day has come at last!"

"Every day is Bachelor's Day!" corrected the Widow. "He is just a quaint, old-fashioned, everlasting institution, like the kitchen broom or the dustpan or the codonod. He never was a 'third-product' anyway."

"No," agreed the Bachelor, "it takes a wicked Wall Street magnate or a crook in evening clothes or a wholesale murderer of the scientific brand to make a play thrilling to the up-to-date matinee girl. She wants her villains in allopathic doses."

The All-Around Man—a Novelty.

"NOT at all, Mr. Weatherby!" corrected the Widow. "We have simply gone around in a circle and are getting back to old-fashioned principles, just as we are going back to 1830 hats and hoopskirts again. We are sick of the erotic life or in the drama, and the very newest, latest, smartest and most fascinating man in the world—the one that is most likely to meet in real life, and the most thrilling to watch upon the stage—is not the erring husband, nor the skilful society burglar, nor the heartless millionaire—but just the honest, serious-minded, idealistic, human, tender, devoted husband or lover—the all-around MAN! He's the novelty of the age!"

"Amen!" exclaimed the Bachelor. "And the woman that it gives US the greatest delight to meet in real life, and the biggest, choicest thrill to find upon the stage, is just the gentle, tender, high-minded, clear-eyed, self-sacrificing human all-around WOMAN—the old-fashioned, patient, palpitating temptress nor the serpentine siren nor the violent vampire!"

"In short," sighed the Widow, "it's becoming quite the fad to be GOOD! What makes you shiver, Mr. Weatherby?"

"I feel so—so passé!" groaned the Bachelor. "What makes you sigh?"

"Life is so dull," said the Widow, irrelevantly. "Taking all the villains out of it is like taking the dragon out of the fairy tale, or Satan out of religion. It leaves it so—so unexciting!"

"Gee whis!" exclaimed the Bachelor, shaking his head in amazement, "if that isn't the woman of it!"

About Your Jewelry.

THERE probably never was a time when jewelry was more extensively worn than it is now. This is largely due to the fact that really good looking jewelry can be purchased at moderate prices.

While this may be an advantage it makes possible adornments to a class of women who pay absolutely no heed to the suitability of their jewelry, to the times or places at which they are worn.

The woman who knows well always select her adornments to harmonize with her attire and appropriate to the occasion. She would not wear a diamond necklace with a travelling costume nor expensive rings and bracelets with a sport suit. She wears simple jewelry with her morning costume.

She never wears an over amount of jewelry with a street costume. For dressy afternoon occasions she wears adornments in moderation, while with her evening gown she is as lavish in the wearing of brilliant gems as her purse and taste will permit. Some of our progressive jewelers have taken this fault into consideration and are prepared to give advice in the matter of wearing jewelry, thus making it possible for every woman to be proper at all times in the character of her adornments.

This will be a great aid in the selection of jewelry and will prevent the wearing of jewelry which will not receive so many compliments by seeing women with glittering diamonds on a dark brocade dress.

She will know that these gems are only for dainty materials or evening dresses. With solid fabrics she will wear the heavier stones such as lapis lazuli, turquoise or the various forms of matrix and the gem minerals and will reserve her sparkling brilliants and precious jewels of delicate shades for wear with net, lace, chiffon, voile and evening gowns.

We will no longer see the elderly woman in jewels that make her appear ridiculous; for she will know that there are certain kinds of jewelry designed and adapted only for the young girl, while there are many attractive pieces which are especially appropriate to herself.

Each season brings its novelties in jewelry and, quite naturally, some of these now involve military designs. The popular bar brooches are being displayed as swords, rifles, sabres and bugles, and come in silver set with brilliants, in French enamel and in outlay with pearls.

In bracelets, the flexible links are present favorites and the old-time safety chain is being revived. With the revival of the black and white vogue it is but natural that black and white jewelry should be prominent.

There are brooches and pendants in black cameo surrounded by pearls or tiny brilliants and striking rings set with French jet and brilliants. Pretty brooches in German silver are inlaid with black enamel. The bracelet is a half inch wide and the designs are varied and attractive.

Talks With My Parents

MOTHER and I had a "scrap" yesterday. I started it to test whether I am losing out or not. I threw a spoon across the room and she told me to pick it up. Dear, tired, patient mother, I love her with all the fervor of my little heart, but once in a while "something" inside me starts me to "scraping."

Just to avoid having to examine closely the dresses on the bed that Mrs. Jarr was now turning her attention to.

"Oh, we don't know. It all depends," said Mrs. Jarr carelessly. "We may go on a motor trip through the mountains—this is the most beautiful season of the year, you know—and we have quite a fashionable party."

But while I and the children may stay a month or two touring with the Stryvers and Clara Mudge-Smith and her husband, Mr. Jarr will have to return to attend the meeting of the board of directors, and, anyway, the business is practically in his charge half the time."

Mrs. Rangle was about to remark that a night watchman's wife could say the same thing—that the entire establishment was in his charge about half the time. But she reflected

that such a remark would not be tactful. Yet she had to bite her lips to keep the words back.

After the ladies had kissed goodbye and had promised to write to each other—so Mrs. Rangle could join her friend if the place was a nice one, and after the Rangies had gone, both ladies freed their minds to their respective husbands.

"She was that mad to see my new clothes and my new wardrobe trunk that she just sat there biting her lips," said Mrs. Jarr to Mr. Jarr.

"Why does she tell fibs to me?" asked Mrs. Rangle of Mr. Rangle. "Don't I know those dresses and that trunk were only there from the store on approval, and I will see them being called for and returned to-morrow. The mountains? The Jarrs are going to sponge off their poor country relations this year again, as usual!"

By a Child

Mother stood out and for two hours we had it up and down, but finally her patience won out and I had to pick up the spoon. Then I went upstairs and when I came down I kissed my mother and I think she cried.

It made me respect her to think she held out for her rights.

It's a great thing to have people respect you. Don't you think so?